HAD BEEN PRETTY

And Had Also Seen 35 Summers When the Unexpected Proposal Came.

BY GEORGE MUNSON.

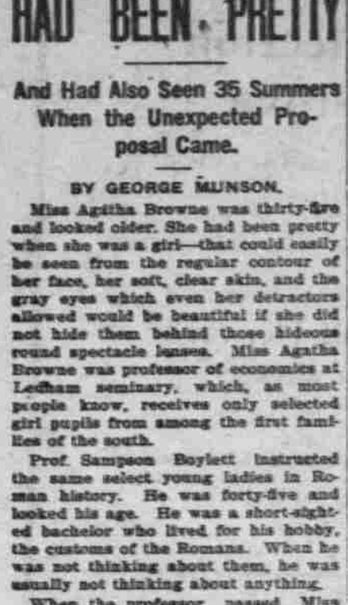
Miss Agatha Browne was thirty-five and looked older. She had been pretty when she was a girl—that could easily be seen from the regular contour of her face, her soft, clear skin, and the gray eyes which even her detractors allowed would be beautiful if she did not hide them behind those hideous round spectacle lenses. Miss Agatha Browne was professor of economics at Ledham seminary, which, as most people know, receives only selected girl pupils from among the first families of the south.

Prof. Sampson Boylett instructed the same select young ladies in Roman history. He was forty-five and looked his age. He was a short-sighted bachelor who lived for his hobby, the customs of the Romans. When he was not thinking about them, he was usually not thinking about anything.

When the professor passed Miss Browne he was entirely oblivious of that fact. If they met face to face in an exceedingly narrow alley he would discover an obstruction, slowly raise his short-sighted eyes until they fixed themselves upon Miss Browne's spectacles, and then retreat hastily with an apology and a timid expression.

The select families of the south were not so different, in their individual membership, from families that flourish and die like mute, inglorious wallflowers. Some of the young ladies of Ledham seminary might have been seen with their heads very close together one evening after the professor had concluded his lecture. He had been expounding "The Marriage Customs of the Samnites."

"Mustn't it have been dreadful in those days!" said Miss Philippa Clark, reading from her note-book. "Just think! 'Among the Samnite ladies it was not an uncommon thing to take the initiative in the proposal of a matrimonial alliance. When gentle glances and hints failed to accomplish their purpose the Samnite woman did not



"Er—Among the Samnites There Existed a Custom."

hesitate to address herself openly to the backward suitor.'"

"Dreadful?" exclaimed Miss Mary Campbell, one of the most select of the young ladies. "Why, I think it was grand!"

"Well, now just listen to this," interposed Miss Millicent Day, who was taking the economics course. "'The custom which restrains the female half of the community from taking the first step leading toward the marriage contract is of economic origin and due to the fact that, in our modern civilization, the male is the bread-winner. When the earning capacities of both parties are equal this archaic survival should be, and often is, abrogated.'"

"Miss Browne said that?" inquired Miss Mary breathlessly.

"She surely did," answered Miss Millicent.

"Oh!" exclaimed the chorus breathlessly.

Professor Boylett appeared unusually preoccupied on the second day afterward. His lecture on Roman history, in fact, was distinctly an absent-minded one.

"Er—one moment, ladies," he began as the class waited its dismissal. "Can anyone tell me whether there is a—er—any attache of this institution whose initials are A. B.?"

"Miss Agatha Browne, professor of economics," chanted the class. And the professor, after staring speechlessly at them for an instant, suddenly bolted through the door.

At that instant Miss Browne was saying:

"A most insulting thing has happened to me, girls. I hesitate to mention it, and should not, did I not fear it is some practical joke engineered by some unworthy member of this seminary. I have received an anonymous letter containing—in short, a proposal of marriage."

"Oh, no, Miss Browne!" exclaimed the class in horror.

"Ladies, your attitude does you credit," said the professor of economics. "Er—by the way, is there any person connected with this seminary whose initials are S. B.?"

"Prof. Sampson Boylett," shouted the class in economics in unison.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. Behind Miss Browne's large spectacles a reddish hue, arising in the neighborhood of either ear, spread and expanded until it completely covered her face.

"Dear me, this is very painful!" murmured Miss Browne. "The class is dismissed."

The class, released from its duties, rushed to the windows and looked out upon the campus. It saw Miss Browne emerge from the portals of the famous institution of learning with a hurried and yet furtive step, if such a term could be applied to any quality or attribute of Miss Browne. With her umbrella folded in her hand, the professor of economics picked her way down the gravelly walk toward the entrance. Then the class and Miss Browne simultaneously perceived a second figure, a bent, irresolute, middle-aged figure approaching the same portals from the classroom in Roman history.

And then occurred a peculiar phenomenon such as had never been known to happen during the memory of the class. For Miss Browne, instead of continuing upon her resolute way toward the gate, made a short cut across the soggy grass—Miss Browne, whose state of health was always known to be exactly commensurate with the hygienic condition of her overshoes.

And, as an immovable body encounters an irresistible force, so Miss Agatha Browne encountered Professor Boylett beside the portals of the Ledham Seminary for Young Ladies. The professor saw her, straightened himself, and spoke.

"Er—among the Samnites there existed a custom"—he began.

"I have always told my class," Miss Browne remarked at the same moment, "that the custom which restrains the female half of the community—"

"Which I would be the last to condemn—"

"From taking the first step—"

"When hints and gentle glances failed—"

"Leading toward the marriage contract—"

"To effect a matrimonial proposition—er—"

"Oh, professor!" exclaimed Miss Agatha, and could say no more.

Inside the seminary there was a great bustle at this moment.

"Milly, Milly," cried the voice of Mary Campbell, "I've got a dandy pair of opera glasses upstairs."

"Don't need them," shouted her friends. "Oh, Mary, didn't you see! Look! Look! Professor Boylett has kissed Miss Agatha. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Dreadful?" answered Miss Mary. "Why, I think it's grand. And just think: Next term the classes in economics and Roman history will be merged!"

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HE FLED BEFORE THE BROOM

Plucky Los Angeles Woman Puts Burglar to Flight With Domestic Weapon.

Armed with a kitchen broom Mrs. A. H. Howard batted a sneak thief through the window of her home the other day after he had cooked and eaten a midnight repast in her kitchen and was in the act of carrying away the dining room silver, which he had carefully wrapped in a tablecloth.

Mrs. Howard and her husband live at 729 College street. Her slumbers early in the morning were disturbed by a rattling sound downstairs in the dining room. Descending, she beheld a young man wrapping her silver in a tablecloth. Grabbing a broom, Mrs. Howard rushed into the dining room, crying:

"Get out of here!"

The burglar recovered from his labors just in time to dodge a mighty swipe of the broom aimed at his head.

"Get out of here; do you hear! What do you mean by trying to steal my silver?" angrily exclaimed Mrs. Howard as she made the broom fairly sing through the air. The burglar stood transfixed, gazing at her in silent awe.

"Don't you hear me?" cried the woman as she swung a third time at the intruder, who ducked just as the broom whizzed by his ear.

Then Mrs. Howard charged. This seemed to awaken him to a full realization of his peril, for he turned and ran toward an open window, through which he had made his entrance. As he started to leap into space the broom handed, fairly battering him through the casement.

Later Mrs. Howard discovered that the burglar before wrapping up her silverware had prepared and eaten a hearty meal in the kitchen.—Los Angeles Times.

Wasted Time.

"Well, what did you do when the problem came up?"

"Wasted time. Went out and asked the advice of 17 friends."

"What did you get?"

"Seventeen different solutions."

"And then?"

"Then I took the advice of an eighteenth friend and won out."

"And who was your eighteenth friend?"

"Myself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Headway.

"Jorkin boasts that he pays as he goes."

"That explains a remark I heard one of Jorkin's friends make the other day."

"And what was it?"

"He said Jorkin never seemed to get anywhere."

William Boyle, employed by the Consolidated Electric Light & Power Co., with a gang dredging the Winooski river in the rear of the power station at Montpelier, fell from a platform on which he was working Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock and was drowned.

Miss Clara Phillips, aged 17 years, committed suicide at her home in North Dorset Thursday by shooting herself. In the presence of a small boy she aimed a rifle at herself and pulled the trigger by means of a pair of shears.

Capt. Eleazer Baker, aged 66 years, one of the few remaining master mariners of the old school, who hailed from Cape Cod, died at a hospital in Hyannis following an operation upon his foot.

President Wilson has asked congress for a formal decision as to whether Rear Admiral Peary may accept a decoration as grand officer of the Legion of Honor conferred him by President Fallieres of France in recognition of his arctic exploration.

ORIGIN OF STYLES

Many of Popular Fashions Were Results of Chance.

Queen Invented Pannier to Cover Physical Defect; French Duchess Responsible for "Patches"—Other Instances.

That many of the fashions which became famous in their day and have come down to our own were due to chance or accident is now a matter of history. Interesting are the stories told of the odd origin of certain styles which an unsuspecting world probably thought were intentionally chosen for their beauty or comfort.

The courts of Europe have been especially noted for their sheeplike following of an idea introduced by the reigning monarch when frequently that idea was evolved to conceal one of the ruler's physical defects. One of the kings of France came to the throne a child of ten; he wore his hair in long ringlets all about the head. Immediately men and women coiffed themselves likewise. The same monarch was bald at thirty and being a lover of all that was beautiful and feminine he ordered the elaborate wig, which was taken up and reveled in during many reigns.

As for the hair being caught in the back and held with a small bow of ribbon, the style beloved of men several hundred years ago, little girls are said to have originated the idea, and accidentally. One day a court leader happened to be visiting and his hostess was late in arriving in the salon. The young man fell asleep and the two children of the noble lady, creeping in, saw the guest and, to play a trick, tied his hair all together. The little girls, fearing to be caught, ran away and the young man never knew of the curious picture the back of his wig presented. Other visitors discovered the garnish, laughed at the ribbon, and the young count declared barefacedly that he had so fastened his hair and meant to keep it always so from his neck and shoulders. Within a few days the entire nobility found the scheme an excellent one and adopted the idea.

The pannier was introduced by a queen to cover a misplaced hip bone, it was an actress who finally threw the pannier aside after it had been fashionable half a century. One evening just before she was to appear on the stage, the actress discovered that one pannier was entirely drenched in oil; the dress, it was thought, was spoiled by a rival.

The actress and her maid quickly thought the matter over, and both together quickly tore off the offending member of the costume. The actress donned the dress, but, of course, it presented a ridiculous appearance. So the other pannier was removed, and the slim young woman appeared on the stage more supple and graceful than ever. The audience at first gasped, then admired, and the next day all of London (the scene took place there) decided to imitate the actress on her severe skirt.

The origin of the beauty spot is no less interesting. The duchess de Montmorillon suffered with a boil on the cheek and put on a bit of black mixture overnight said to be healing. In the morning, she either forgot to wash her face or did not use enough care—so the story goes—and the inattentive or malicious servant allowed her mistress to appear "before the world" with her face spotted. Powdered and perfumed, Montmorillon received her callers who found the black spot charming, so much so that before night they had anointed their faces with the black ointment.

To come down to present times, the feather boa was originated less than 20 years ago in Boston. In an idle moment an apprentice in a feather establishment sewed the discarded bits and ends of poor plumes together and strung them about her neck. The other girls laughed at the trimming, the head of the department found it pretty, and the order was given that no castaways in the form of plumes be thrown in the waste basket. All parts of the plume were kept, sewed on to a ribbon, the entire thing curled and long ribbon loops put at each end, and the feather boa was the success of the season.

The uncurled plume, so fashionable in Paris a few years ago and revived recently in another manner, was purely the result of an accident. The biggest race of the year, the Grand Prix d'Auteuil, was on, and women were there dressed within an inch of their lives. A fearful rainstorm came up and people were drenched. Plumes that had left home finely curled were wet and each spiral stood apart. It was not pretty, the effect, but it was original, and one of the milliners, not wishing to take the trouble to have the plumes of all his customers recurled, advised them to allow the garnish to remain as it was.

That week following the Grand Prix d'Auteuil saw nothing but straight spiral plumes, and women liked them so much that before the following Sunday, when the Grand Prix de Longchamp was to be, women who had curled plumes had the wave taken out, so that they might appear like the other fashionables. For more than a year the defrissee plume was sought. As a whole, fashion is, like in this instance, only the result of an accident. Sometimes it is the outcome of an experiment. But like the women, it is capricious and changeable and capable of most anything reasonable

"Been out of work for six months? Dear me! How were you employed before that?"

"I posted a letter for a gent."—Harper's Magazine.

Australia is irrigating more than 2,000,000 acres of grazing land with artesian wells.

ROOSEVELT TO REDUCE FAT

Strenuous Colonel Will Ride Horseback and Hunt Last Indians in Arizona.

New York.—Ease and an office chair and too much sugar on his cereal have done the trick for Colonel Roosevelt. He's getting fat—again. There's only one course possible to the vigorous colonel when this bulbous condition of the equator develops. He at once determines to get out where he can ride a horse and heifer and work that superfluity down to a hollow. So that this summer, according to the gossip that has fizzed up from Oyster Bay, he will go out to Arizona and hunt for a lost tribe of Indians. Incidentally, he will re-discover the last hole in his belt.

"Lost Indians in Arizona!" said Doctor Goddard of the department of anthropology of the Museum of Natural History. "Not precisely. But it is true that there are some out there that have never been found."

It appears that there are Indians scattered all over Arizona—the Wallapais and the Hopis and the Pimas and the Papagoes and the Apaches, and chief of them all the Navajoes. A good many of them earn an honest living by giving an aboriginally modified Bill show for the benefit of summer tourists. Others keep sheep and scream every time one touches schedule K. Still others peddle Massachusetts blankets in bright colors to persons from Boston. And others live out in the mountains, far from the maddening white man, just about as their ancestors did about the time that Cortez discovered the toehold as a means of getting rich quickly.

"The wildest lot," said Doctor Goddard, "are the Navajoes. They are

Theodore Roosevelt.

perfectly peaceful, but we have had no report on the tribes in the western part of Arizona. There are men twenty-five years old who have never seen a white man. No doubt a visit to them would be entertaining and instructive."

It will be if the colonel is the visitor.

MUST SWIM FOR DIPLOMA

Columbia University Student Passes Other Tests, but Balks at Swimming Pool.

New York.—Columbia university has taken a new stand in the matter of graduation requirements. The authorities declined to award a diploma to Felix Metzger Rosenstock at the commencement exercises unless he could prove himself cured of carcasserinusabmetu.

In other words, there is a rule at Columbia that no college degree can be won unless the candidate has learned to swim the length of the pool in the gymnasium. The only exception is allowed in case of physical disability, attested by a physician's certificate.

Rosenstock, who passed all the other examinations, completely balked at swimming throughout his college course, and as an excuse declared he was suffering from a terrible skin disease known as the carcasserinusabmetu. He obtained a physician's signature to this statement.

The physical director could find no visible trace of such a malady, but from a Latin lexicon he evolved this explanation of the student's affliction: "Caro, meaning flesh; anserinus, resembling the goose; abmetu from fear; or, freely translated, gooseflesh from fear."

The authorities, however, did not have sufficient sense of humor to cause them to extend leniency to Rosenstock.

WILLIAM TELL IS OUTDONE

Insane Voyager Tries to Shoot Cigarette Out of Mouth of Jamaican Negro.

New York.—When the steamer Oruba was nearing Cartagena, Colombia, John George Cunningham of Southampton, a first cabin passenger, forced a Jamaican negro to stand ten yards away while he attempted to shoot a cigarette out of his mouth. Cunningham fired six shots before the noise brought Chief Officer Green to the scene.

Green tripped Cunningham up, but it took four sailors to lash his hands and feet and carry him to the hospital where Dr. Morton declared the man was insane from alcohol. Cunningham was put ashore at Colon in a strait jacket.

"Harold, you mustn't eat all the peanuts, even if you are pretending to be a monkey. You must give sister some." "But, mother, I'm pretending she's some kind o' animal wot doesn't eat peanuts."—Life.

State Events.

August 18-21—Annual session state health officers' school, Burlington.

ARTIST THIEF DYING

Genius, Who Is Burglar, Nears End in Prison.

William Dunn Cared For by New York Salvation Army, But Yields to the Lure of Crime—Wins Governor's Notice.

New York.—Word comes from Dannemora prison that William Dunn, artist by temperament, burglar and highwayman because, as he said, he could not control his impulses toward crime, is dying there of tuberculosis. As is common with sufferers from that disease, his mind at every rally builds castles for the future, all based on an honest life; but Doctor Ransom, the hospital physician, says the last stage has been reached and he may die any day.

Many families in the upper part of the city have on their walls examples of Dunn's art. Although uninstructed in any school, he had the knack of reproducing familiar objects in faithful likeness, and his pencil and brush earned him an easy living when he chose to employ them.

He would paint roses, looking as if fresh picked, on a common thin-wood holder, the kind on which butter is trayed, and they were eagerly bought. Whenever he tried more lasting work purchasers seemed almost equally eager to buy at better prices. He never lacked a market when he wanted it, but he has spent twenty-one of his thirty-seven years in prison, due to his inability to resist the lure of crime.

In prison his work has been as prolific as circumstances would permit. The keepers have let him keep pencils in his cell and sometimes colors. There was no market there, and when he made his sketches he gave them freely to other prisoners. One of them, a picture in colors of the Virgin, was retained by the warden, who framed it and hung it in the prison chapel.

It attracted the attention of Governor Dix on a visit to the prison shortly before the end of his term of office. When Warden Kaiser informed him that a prisoner had painted it the governor said he would like to see him. Dunn was brought forward. His disease had already marked him.

"Did you paint that picture?" the governor asked.

"I did," Dunn replied, timidly.

"You are too good a man to be in jail," the governor said, "and I will see that you get out."

Other affairs must have driven the incident from the governor's mind, for nothing came of it.

Dunn began his present term of ten years in Dannemora in November, 1911. For some time before that he had occupied a basement room in the Salvation Army employment agency in Thirteenth street, west of Sixth avenue, where Envoy Thomas Anderson, who looks after discharged and paroled prisoners, had fitted him out with working material.

Every night Anderson took the day's collection of sketches and colors to meetings where he spoke, told the story of the prisoner who was trying to get on his feet and let the audience carry the work away, leaving for it whatever money they liked. Good returns were coming in daily by this means when, suddenly and without warning, Dunn failed to appear in his basement studio. On Anderson's regular visit to the Tombs the next Friday Dunn was there.

"What was the matter?" the envoy asked.

"I couldn't help it; I always told you I couldn't help it," Dunn answered.

"Weren't you doing well, and didn't we treat you nicely?"

"Yes; I must be insane," said Dunn.

CAT NO MATCH FOR HIPPO

Caliph II. Routs Louise Ingloriously When He Plunges Into Big Water Tank.

New York.—George Sichert, a keeper in the Central park menagerie, was aroused by a wild scrambling in the cage of the hippopotamus. When he turned he saw the favorite mouser of the menagerie, a cat named Louise perched on the back of the park's big hippo. The cat had been seized by the tail and thrown into the quarters occupied by Caliph II. by a mischievous small boy.

Caliph was soon imitating a bucking broncho, but to no avail. Louise had secured a firm hold with all her claws. The grunts of Caliph II. started all the lions roaring. Sichert edged into the cage to remove the cat, but not quite soon enough. Caliph floundered into the tank, and Louise let go.

Sichert lifted the dripping cat out of the tank with a broom. It was only a few days ago that Louise went to sleep in the hay and barely escaped being eaten alive by the hippo

Lightning Kills Brakeman.

Landers, N. Y.—While standing on top of a moving freight car, C. R. McCauley, a brakeman, was struck by a bolt of lightning and killed, thus putting to flight the old theory that lightning will not strike a moving railroad train.

President Braves the Mumps.

Washington. — President Wilson braved the danger of mumps to say "Hello" to Joseph, Jr., son of Secretary Tumulty, who had contracted the disease at school.

Windsor Boy Killed.

Lafayette Mayo, aged 15, of Windsor, was killed Saturday afternoon, supposedly by being knocked off a freight train while attempting to ride a short distance to his work as clerk in the store of Conlin & Callan. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayo.

EARLY DAYS OF ANTHRACITE

Anthracite as a fuel was once a much doubted novelty. William Endicott, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Boston, now eighty-seven years old, lately read a paper of reminiscence in which he told this story:

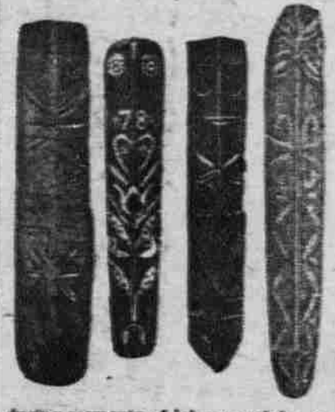
Somewhere in the early '30s rumors had reached Beverly that in Pennsylvania or elsewhere anthracite coal was coming into use as fuel. In order to make trial of it five or six gentlemen joined together and sent to Boston for a cartload, there being no railway.

From my father's quota I remember a lump of about the size of a peck measure which he placed in the open fireplace and heaped about it an assortment of pine and hard woods. These burned very well, but had no effect upon the coal, even with repeated trials. Considerable fuel was burned upon that occasion, but it was not coal.

Some little time later, when a grate had been installed in the fireplace and a good fire was burning in it, an old gentleman came in to view the novel spectacle. After looking at it intently for a few minutes he remarked that "It looked expensive," and retired from the scene. Little did he think that his sage conclusion would be quoted after the lapse of three-quarters of a century and then, perchance, put in type and possibly read a century or two later.—The Outlook.

ANCIENT STAY-BUSKS

The illustration shows four eighteenth century English busks. The busk or "bone," as it was sometimes called, was inserted in the front of the stays and appears to have been visible throughout its length, being held in position by the laces. Objects of this kind are not only of interest on account of their rarity, but because they illustrate indigenous of folk art. They are not made by skilled craftsmen nor produced in factories in standardized sizes and patterns by the aid of machinery, but fabricated by ordinary, untutored men



during moments of leisure mainly as gifts to their womankind. They are almost as primitive in conception and execution as a paddle wrought by a native of the South Seas. When a young man set about making a stay-busk for his sweetheart he fell back upon the traditional elements of ornament, it is true, but he strove besides to combine these elements into such original forms as his fancy dictated.

THE CALENDAR STONE

The famous Aztec calendar stone, now in the National Museum of Mexico, is a block of basalt weighing 25 tons and having a diameter of 11 feet. Encircling the head of the sun god is a diadem bearing hieroglyphics representing the divisions of time and the Aztec method of numbering the years. The number of days in their year was 365, as in ours. Each year had a different emblem repeated every four years. The first year was called Tochtli, or rabbit; the second, Acatel, or reed; the third, Teopal, or flint; the fourth, Calli, or house. The years were further arranged by thirteen, four such periods making a Mexican age.

When the City of Mexico was taken by Cortez in 1521 and the great temple destroyed the calendar stone was left in the square. It was buried in 1555 and not recovered again until 1790.—Popular Mechanics.

SHIPS OF CONCRETE

A 500-ton concrete scow, says an exchange, was recently launched at Baltimore, Md. It is 110 feet long, 28 feet wide and has a depth of 10 feet 6 inches. Others, built before this one, have shown a large saving in repairs over wooden craft. It is claimed by the builders that concrete vessels will ultimately create a revolution in ship construction. The Italians have already made use of concrete vessels and have found them practicable, it is stated. Indeed, they seem to be of exceptionally stout build, for one of them, rammed by a small war cruiser, showed no other injury but a crack, which it was quite possible to repair successfully. This accidental test gave the constructor much satisfaction.—Outlook.

COUGHS UP PROOF OF GUILT

Arrested on a charge of stealing $27 in a hotel, William Fraser of Yonkers, N. Y., confirmed the suspicions of the police by choking and finally coughing up two bank notes. When arraigned before Judge Beall, Fraser said he mistook the bills for chewing tobacco. He was found guilty of larceny.

MAIDEN ABDUCTS YOUNG MAN

Shy Sweetheart Is Carried to Mountain Fastness and Married by Force.

Odessa.—The forcible abduction and compulsory marriage of a Caucasian youth are reported from Kutais. A pretty girl of sixteen, named Rogova, who lives in the village of Kulis-Kari, fell in love with a handsome boy of the same age named Sari, who lived in a neighboring hamlet.

Either from shyness or from distinction, Sari did not respond to the love-sick maiden's advances, and she therefore enlisted the aid of a band of young tribesmen, who made a raid at night on the dwelling of Sari's parents and carried the youth off to a hill fastness, where Rogova was waiting for him.

At first Sari rejected the proffered hand of Rogova, but his abductors threatened to kill him on the spot unless he made her his bride. Under compulsion Sari consented.

The next day the abductors made another raid in a different direction and bore to the rendezvous a clergyman, who unwillingly solemnized the marriage of Rogova and Sari.

In the meantime an armed party organized by the boy's parents, who are well-to-do people, had found the trail of the fugitives, but they arrived too late to prevent the marriage. After a stormy scene the opposing parties were reconciled and Rogova bore off her now smiling bridegroom in triumph to her home in Kulis-Kari. The couple since express themselves as highly pleased with the outcome of the girl's bold move, but her word is the law of the household.

NORWAY TRIUMPH HONORED

Women at Big Conference in Vienna Hear the Rev. Anna Shaw on Suffrage.

Vienna, Austria.—A preliminary conference in connection with the women's franchise convention at Budapest was held here and was devoted to

Dr. Anna Shaw

celebrating the granting of the full franchise to the women of Norway.

The Rev. Anna H. Shaw, the American suffragist, said that the lesson learned by Norway was the best taught in America ever since the women's movement began—that it was always the men who best knew what women's suffrage means that were most ready to give it.

BONES OF GREAT ANTIQUITY

Smithsonian Official Delving for Fossils Near Cumberland, Md.—Many "Finds" Made.

Cumberland, Md.—James W. Gidley, assistant curator in the National museum, Washington, assisted by Raymond W. Armbruster, a local fossil expert, has been working several days in the pit above Burkey's near Corriganville, this county, about four miles from Cumberland, unearthing fossilized animal bones supposed to be thousands of years old.

The traces of the fossils were discovered last November by Mr. Armbruster, who notified the Smithsonian authorities. A minor investigation was made, resulting in some valuable finds. The present quest has not been disappointing, some wonderful discoveries having been made, it is said, with the end not yet in sight.

The bones are in perfect condition and scientists believe they are working on one of the greatest fossil finds in the history of the country. The marrow of the bones is crystallized and has the appearance of clusters of diamonds or quartz.

"CHAPEL OF REST" FOR POOR

Holborn Council Provides Place for Dead Pending Burial—A Valuable Reform.

London.—A valuable reform which should be of much use to the poor has been made in Holborn, where the borough council has opened what is called a "chapel of rest." The object of the chapel is to provide a place in which the poor can take their dead pending burial. No charge will be made. The need of this innovation is clear and pressing. Thousands of Londoners live in one-roomed tenements, and when death occurs are forced for the time to live with their dead. There are also still about a thousand underground rooms occupied by the poor. It is hoped that other borough councils will follow the example of Holborn.